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MUSICAL PROGRAMMES.

IN a recent number of the *Athenæum*, and in reference to a Crystal Palace concert, a writer observes:—

"Beethoven's Symphony was played with rare nicety. If the Adagio had not been so much hurried, the performance would have been irreproachable. Not even at the Gewandhaus concerts could the last movement, so happy and quaint a union of Mozart-like sweetness with rough Beethovenish strength, have been rendered with more exquisite light and shade. But a Gewandhaus concert audience would certainly not, immediately after listening to such a symphony so played, have encored Bishop's trivial song, 'Tell me, my heart!' It is the strange inconsistencies of this kind that justify the doubt of foreigners if the English have any real feeling for music."

We are glad to find that our complaint against the arrangement of programmes is not a solitary cry in the wilderness. Although England has not produced composers to be compared in eminence with the composers of Italy, of Germany, or even of France; although music does not penetrate social life in England as it does in Germany, we do not think that there is an absolute national incapacity for it. The number of concerts given throughout England is quite satisfactory; it is the composition of the programmes which makes us feel that we may have musical taste, but we have no musical judgment. We look for mere sensuous impressions, instead of enduring forms. Just as semi-educated people prefer Moore and Longfellow to Milton and William Morris, so the musically uneducated are satisfied with all that is detestably pretty and sensuous and lyrical in music. Without teachers, people cannot become educated, and in England there is no national education in music. On the Continent, in every moderately-sized town, we find trained orchestras and series of concerts, at which great works, and not, as in England, great performers, are the chief attraction. Music literally throngs all classes of society. Beginning at the street corner, it rises in rarefied forms through all social life—dancing, singing, serenading, military marches, theatres, until it inspires worship in the churches; and, resting for one moment on the highest pinnacle of human association, it soars, without further support, upon its own wings into that ideal land into which it can only be followed by the inner eye of true musical feeling. But Englishmen do not follow it. It is very amusing when a new symphony has been given in England, to see the critics running about asking for a key! as if you could get into a grand old Hindoo temple with a new patent latch-key. Who will read to them the mysteries? Dear friends, to you who ask the meaning they will remain mysteries still. Incidental to the semi-educated state, is that love of extremes which we find in England. It is a curious fact that the two forms of music which are most popular in England are oratorios and comic songs. We are like children, fond of sharp contrasts, and we prefer that music in which the words explain what, to us, the notes would not.

But what destroys all confidence in an English audience is precisely that want of judgment which the writer of the *Athenæum* points out. The skill of individual performers is more appreciated than the finest orchestral pieces. When a concert is announced, it is always "Who is going to sing? Who is going to play?" And the solo singer would, no doubt, be astonished and enraged if the applause awarded to him were only in proportion to the merit of his performance.

WEDDINGS.

WE have not many weddings at our church; perhaps, on the average, one a week. Nearly all are after banns; a licence is too expensive a luxury for a parish like ours. Our late clerk used to complain that the banns were published far too distinctly. "More people would come to be asked, sir, at our church, if their names were not read out so plain." These "*askings*" are not so useless as many people imagine. We had a wedding stopped not long ago. The bride or bridegroom, we forget which, was under age, and the parents interfered. Well would it be if many more young couples were interfered with in a similar way. It is no uncommon thing in our parish for a lad of nineteen, or thereabouts, to tie himself to a girl of sixteen or seventeen, both of them working at a factory, and earning, perhaps, some thirty shillings between the two. They live in lodgings for the first year, doing pretty well. Then the girl becomes a mother. Away go her wages! Instead, come necessary expenses attendant on her confinement, and a youngster to provide for—tolerably certain to be only a beginning of similar troubles! Baby No. 1 is followed by Nos. 2 and 3. Wife leaves factory for good and all. She has now an apology for a house to preside over. One room above and one below, in a narrow, unhealthy back court, and furnished with worthless second-hand articles, picked up at pawnbrokers' and bailiffs' auctions. Poor thing! she finds out that marriage is not the sort of thing she expected. There are squalling children, dabbling in the gutter outside, and on the dirty floor within. It is all scrub, scrub, scrub, and yet the place never looks fit to be seen. Wages don't increase with time. Her clothes are all rags, and she has no money to buy more. She begins to gossip with neighbours as badly off as herself. "One can't be *always* slaving, you know." And, in a short time, no one would recognise the pretty, blushing, childish bride, in the dirty, untidy, ragged, and wretched-looking slattern, prematurely old and worn, whose shrill tongue is heard all over the court, scolding the unfortunate little savages who call her "mother," or railing at her spouse when he returns drunk and incapable, with empty pockets, from the public-house. Alas! even if he comes home from his work sober, and willing to remain so, his house is all dirt and disorder. Poor things! that half-hour they spent in our church was the most unlucky one in their lives!

"Are you a bachelor?" demanded our clerk, the other day, of a man who had come to put up the askings. "No, sir; I'm a packer," was the reply. Somewhat similar was the answer our rector once received from a young woman, of whom he had inquired, "Is your father a Churchman?" "No, sir," responded the daughter; "he's a hostler."

We are somewhat celebrated for curious weddings at our church. On one occasion we had a deaf and dumb couple to unite together. Another time a fine, buxom young woman presented herself to be tied to a poor little cripple, a man without legs, or, at least, with two miserable apologies for legs, doubled up underneath him, who was accustomed to push himself along on a wooden framework with wheels, and beg alms of the passers by. This unhappy mockery of humanity was scarcely three feet high, wheels and all; whereas the girl was rather tall for her sex, and proportionably well developed. Married they actually were, the banns having been properly published, and no one coming forward to hinder. A tremendous crowd collected round and inside the church, and it was with considerable difficulty that the bridegroom was preserved from being mobbed. He was smuggled through the vestry door, and out by a side gate. The bride's excuse for her choice was simply that she was a poor orphan, whom the cripple had brought up and supported out of his earnings, and that she was wishful to make him all the return she could for his kindness, being sure that, whatever his outside was like, he was thoroughly kind and good within.

Almost as bad was a case which occurred more recently. An old man of 72 appeared with a stout, hearty woman of 33—his servant, as it afterwards turned out. It was pitiable to see the old dotard tottering as he knelt down. When they got into the vestry and their ages were asked, the bride observed calmly, "Yes, there's a bit of a difference, isn't there?" It is not often, as we remarked, that we have a wedding by licence. When we *do* have one it is supposed to be a particularly grand affair. We recollect one such, very well. The bride had come down with her father from London, to be married from the bridegroom's house. This house was situated just opposite to, and a stone's-throw from, our vestry window. Three large *yellow* carriages brought the party round the church-yard to the principal gate, and three *green* ones were kept waiting near the gate, while the ceremony was being performed, ready to take them all to Bowdon afterwards. The gorgeous costumes and rustle of silk and satin, were quite impressive. When the service was happily over, and the silks and white waistcoats were collected in the vestry, the officiating clergyman felt rather nervous at having to question such—such—we have no word handy—such swells, then, for want of a better. When it became necessary to enquire the occupation of the bridegroom's father, the question was put in as genteel a form as possible. "What—ahem!—*profession* is your father?" Fancy the unhappy parson's dismay when the bridegroom replied in an injured tone, "Oh, sir, he has no profession at all. He's a *gentleman*.

It is hard for even our clergy to avoid smiling sometimes while marrying our Lancashire natives. The sheepish look, and downcast air of bride and bridegroom, particularly the latter; the way in which they shuffle and put themselves into uncomfortable attitudes; and the perversity with which they blunder through their part of the service, make the ceremony very trying to anyone with a sense of the ludicrous. We have no altar-rails at our church, except some temporary ones which are put up before a celebration of the Holy Communion. The consequence is that the happy pair, when told to kneel, will generally squat, side by side, upon their heels, or even go down upon all fours. We shall never forget the unexpected answer once given to the question "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together," &c. "If you please, sir," responded the man with a little nod. Of course the proper answer is "I will," but the poor fellow was so anxious to be civil, that he would not wait for any prompting. Sometimes the bridegroom (never the bride, by the way) will not repeat the words after the clergyman—"I, Thomas, take thee, Elizabeth, to my wedded wife," &c., &c.; but nods and says, "Yes, sir." The words were repeated, for about the fourth time, to one fellow who stood staring in obstinate silence. "Say it after him, mon!" exclaimed the bride, at last, giving him a dig in the ribs,—and thereupon he did.

Many little mistakes are made in the actual words, such as, "For better *and* worse," instead of "For better, for worse." *Alas!* it is often all "worse," and no "better" at all! But the finding and putting on of the ring are the the most fruitful causes of delay and blunder. Sometimes the bridegroom commences to fumble-fumble in his pocket, directly the clergyman approaches him. Sometimes he has wrapt the treasure so carefully up that he cannot extricate it at the proper moment, and keeps everybody waiting while he tears the paper wrapper with hands and teeth. Sometimes he drops it, and stands helplessly looking on as it rolls away over the pavement. On one occasion, a particularly clumsy gentleman came to be married. He was a slippery customer, too, it would appear, for, after keeping the clergyman waiting for three quarters of an hour, he made his appearance under the escort of the bride's mother, who came, as she said, to see that all went off "straight." Directly after the service began he dropped the ring. His best (and only) man stooped down and picked it up for him. Of this he was quite unconscious, and kept glancing down to see where it was gone, until the order came, "Place the ring on this book," when down he dropped as if shot, and commenced frantically groping about the cushion. "It is in thee pocket, mon," said the best man, and true enough, so it was. Then arose another difficulty,—he did not seem to know which finger to place it on. The bride soon settled that. "Sithee, mon, this is the way," she exclaimed, sticking out the proper digit.

Even the coolness of this last young woman was surpassed by another bride, who quietly began to wet her finger and, so to speak, lubricate it, that the ring might slip on the more easily. This, like every incident already related, took place in our church, but the following occurred in a neighbouring parish. We offer an apology for it, but insert it, nevertheless, as illustrative of Manchester bluntness. The bridegroom had been told to place the ring on the bride's finger, to hold it there, and repeat the proper words after the clergyman. He endeavoured to comply with the first request, but the finger was fat, and over the second joint the ring would not go. He tugged and pushed, and pushed and tugged, until he nearly destroyed the woman's equilibrium and his own. At last, flushed and out of breath, he looked up in the clergyman's face, and observed simply, "I conna do it. She sweats."

We always go through the whole marriage service at our church. Indeed, what excuse, short of absolute want of time, can be alleged for mutilating this, the most beautiful office in the Prayer-book? Surely those clergymen who omit certain sentences and prayers for fear of offending against the modesty of the females present, offend much more by the omission,—and give especial prominence to the very parts they desire to conceal. We have no patience with mock modesty and fashionable prudery in the House of God. Depend upon it there are many vices which thrive all the more because they are passed over in silence, or alluded to in such ambiguous terms that the offender scarcely recognizes his offence. It is a fact that the marriage service is often shamefully curtailed and mutilated, and it is no less a fact that in our church the whole of it is always read, from "Dearly beloved" down to "amazement."* One day a middle-aged couple had been getting married. The bridegroom was a widower. He seemed fidgetty during the service, and when he got into the vestry, broke out with "Well, it didn't take so long to do it when I were married afore, but I suppose you fix it tighter now-a-days." We are sorry to say that, though it was an early hour, the whole party smelt strongly of spirits.

We have a cabinet-full of parochial curiosities, and in it a shelf devoted especially to weddings. The above are some of our treasures. We offer two more. One of our clergy was going through the church-yard gate, one morning, on his way to a wedding. Two women, in their ordinary working attire, followed him. Thinking they wanted relief, he turned and asked them their business. "Whoy, to be married, to be sure!" responded one of them. They were the bride and her bridesmaid. The bridegroom and his best man, also in their working dress, were kicking their heels about the gravestones, as if they had neither part nor lot in the matter. On another occasion a wedding was of necessity postponed, the bridegroom coolly sending word that he had got half-a-day's work, and therefore could not, and would not, and did not, come till the next morning.

* The concluding word in the address at the end of the Marriage Service.

A Poor Curate's Hope.—For(lorn)lawn.

The Real Shilling Army Raizer.—The Recruiting Sergeant.

On the Wrong Scent Altogether.—Dwellers on the banks of the odoriferous Irwell.

THE LANCASHIRE INDEPENDENT COLLEGE.

IN that part of the parish of Withington known as Whalley Range, and beyond the outer fringe of villa residences which abound there, stands the Lancashire Independent College. Since its foundation, twenty-six years ago, the houses of the wealthy have crept up to, but have not surrounded it, and it still stands on the margin of pleasant green flats that stretch away behind it to the woody copses of Hough End. The object of the college is the training of students for the work of the ministry among the Independents. It is one of sixteen similar institutions spread over the country, and had its origin in the private teaching given to ministers by the late Rev. W. Roby, of this city; was made a public institution in 1816 and removed to Blackburn, but was again transferred here in 1842, when the present college was completed. It is mainly supported by collections and subscriptions among the Congregational churches of Lancashire, and has an annual income and expenditure of something less than £3,000. Its endowments for exhibitions and scholarships amount to upwards of £14,000.

The building is in the Tudor style, with a stone front and tower, and stands on a terrace in the midst of spacious grounds. The main entrance is in the tower, and is reached by passing through a somewhat handsome gateway, guarded by a pretty lodge, and along a broad gravel path which divides the greensward. The grounds are carefully kept, and the walks are pleasantly shaded with trees. A row of cloisters runs along the lower part of the building, and oriel windows above these, at each extremity, mark the residences of two of the professors. Passing through the doorway, and up a steep flight of steps, the entrance hall is reached. The ceiling is picked out with blue and gold; otherwise it is marked by nothing else but puritan simplicity and an exquisite cleanness which extends to all parts of the place. The prevailing tone of the interior is a sort of whitey drab, relieved occasionally with oak fittings. The whole building has an elegant, scholastic appearance, without much in the way of show. The oriels and mullioned windows contain no coloured emblazonments, their small leaded diamond panes letting in the pure white light only. The dining-hall is a spacious apartment, with great fire-places at each end. The walls are adorned with portraits of previous professors, among which are those of the Revs. Vaughan, Wardlaw, and Alexander. The library and reading-room is also a noble apartment, with carved oak fittings, and contains several thousand volumes of books. In addition to this, there is the recently added Raffles Library, placed in a separate room, and intended as a bicentenary memorial, having been placed there in 1861. It consists of over a thousand choice volumes, and in the same room with it are preserved some valuable ancient manuscripts.

There are about forty resident students in the college, and each one has a separate room and dormitory. Passing along the corridors containing the studies, through the open doors we get glimpses of their internal economy, and note that in each there is a larger or smaller collection of books and a diversity of furniture. Entering one we find that, though limited in size, it is as snug and cosy as a student need wish. The college provides in each of them a book-case, table, high desk for writing or reading, and a chair; all furniture and comforts beyond these the student must provide according to his means and taste. Examining the literature contained on the shelves of the one we entered, we found it to be both pious and profane, and embracing a wide area of study. Some of the books, indeed, would have horrified poor Deacon Tozer, of Salem Chapel, but in being there they bore evidence of an advanced and enlightened Puritanism. Through the window, with its heavy draped curtains, we looked into the quadrangle below, and recognized the fact that, while attention is paid to the development of the understanding, regard is also given to the adage, *mens sana in corpore sano*. On the grass plot in the centre of the quadrangle is a good gymnasium, and, in addition to this, there is also a cricket ground.

The full course of study extends over five years. The students must pass a preliminary examination before admission, and are required to pay for their own board, which amounts to about £25 a year. In some cases where this cannot be done a provision is made for the purpose from the funds of the institution. The course of study includes Theology, Biblical Literature, Ecclesiastical History, Greek and Latin Classics, Hebrew, Mathematics, Philosophy, and Logic. The college has at its disposal seven exhibitions, tenable variously for two or three years, and varying in value from £25 to £32 annually. It is also associated with the London University and Owens College. Until recently it had four professors, but at present there are only three, the students of Greek, Latin, and English Literature being required to attend those classes at Owens. This alteration we understand, has been made in view of reducing the expenses, and in consequence of some debt remaining in connection with the institution, but it can scarcely be taken as a healthy sign. There are three class-rooms in the building. The one set apart for theology and divinity, and presided over by the Rev. Professor Caleb Scott, LL.B., contains, among its fittings, a sort of reading desk or pulpit, from which the students are required in turn to preach an original sermon, which is discussed and unmercifully criticised by the class. This curious piece of furniture is appropriately covered with *green* baize. The order of proceeding each day is as follows: At six in the morning a bell is rung for the benefit of those early birds who desire to pick up the worms of knowledge. At seven another bell is rung for prayers, but such is the weakness of human nature, even among young Nonconformist preachers, that arrangements are made with the ringer that, for the consideration of a small annual payment from the students, this bell is rung again a quarter of an hour later, so as just to afford sufficient time to dress and be down to prayers at half-past seven. After breakfast the classes commence, and go on until two o'clock, the hour for dinner. The afternoon and evening are given up to the students for leisure or private study. Tea at half-past four, and supper and prayers at nine, complete the routine of the day. The outer door of the college is closed by the proctor at eleven o'clock, at which time all are expected to be inside the building.

To enable the students to get practice in preaching, also as a small source of income, they are allowed by seniority to fill any vacant pulpits in the neighbourhood when they may be required. For this end the careful student prepares himself with a few sermons available for such purposes. We have, however, never heard of more than six of this sort being possessed by one individual, and were informed that each of them did duty some sixty times. Mrs. Oliphant says the Nonconformist students at 'Omerton (as they call it) look forward at the end of their college career to making "*an it*," and thereby gaining a good pastorate. In like manner the students at this college, when their terms are completed, must rely upon their individual talents, and open competition with each other, for the charge of a church. If the student is fortunate in making "an it" he may get a prize, otherwise he may have to remain satisfied with a very limited income and straitened means.

This college has been and is still associated in its professory with names of literary mark and celebrity. Among them we may notice the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and as a preacher the Rev. Dr. Halley, the present professor of theology and moral philosophy, and president of the college. Mr. Henry Rogers is the author of *The Eclipse of Faith*. Mr. Rogers is a plain, homely, retiring gentleman, rarely appearing in public, and then almost under protest. Occasionally he has been induced to lecture, but in every case stipulates that no public announcement shall be made of his lecture or name. The professor of logic and mathematics, the

Rev. Alfred Newth, is also a gentleman of wide and varied acquirements. He is well known, too, as a preacher, and apart from a little monotony in his elocution, his sermons are remarkable for their clear, incisive, and scholarly tone.

Of the general character of the students we have not much to say, but from various specimens we have met with, and from some remarks in the report of the college, we suspect that many go there who have "missed their calling." In times like these, when the old faith is menaced by all forms of doubt and scepticism, it is pre-eminently desirable that those who hold the preacher's office should be men of large understanding, and especially fitted for the vocation. As far as we know, the teaching at the Lancashire Independent College is eminently suited to this end, and, if the right sort of preachers are not forthcoming, the fault does not lie with the professors.

BOLD BENJAMIN'S RETREAT.

AIR.—OLD TOWLER.

Bold Benjamin is fighting shy,
By scruples inly torn;
The borough members join the cry,
And laugh in bitter scorn;
Lords, Commons, to Westminster throng,
Stern Gladstone heads the line;
Turn out! you've office held too long,
And now you must resign.
With a hey, ho, privy
Councillors, pack up and chivey;
Turn out, trudge, tantivy!
This day you must resign.

Poor Ben the cads with speeches bore,
Their cheers augment his woe,
And William E. is pleased the more,
And glad to have it so.
Thus leaders "do" each other "brown"
Who have one game in view;
In turn each runs the other down
Who will in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, privy
Councillors, pack up and chivey;
Budge, trudge, tantivy,
This day you must resign.

The question went the country round
And liberal views prevailed,
For disestablishment's the ground
On which Ben's tactics failed.
The Opposition sweeps along,
The Treasury bench to line,
The game is won, and this the song,
This day you must resign.
With a hey, ho, privy
Councillors, pack up and chivey;
Turn out, budge, tantivy,
This day you must resign.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The following works are in the press, and will shortly be published by the eminent firm of Hoakes, Larkins & Co.:—

THE FALSE FATHER. By the author of *Real-mah.*

CALCULATED BY A CONTINENT. By the author of *Cast up by the Sea.*

ODD EYES: a Treatise on Strabismus. By the author of *The Twin Pupils.*

THE IRREPRESSIBLE MISSIONARY. By the author of *The Perpetual Curate.*

THE FIGHT AT FIDDLER'S FERRY. Communicated to the author of *The Mill on the Floss.*

DIARY OF THE WEEK.

[BY OUR ODD CONTRIBUTOR.]

MONDAY.—Another letter from Gladstone! Hope he will now spare us for awhile. Excitement in the cotton market, and prices evidently going up. Resolved to buy up the whole of the American stock (only 28,000 bales). Entered into financial arrangements with Jeremiah Diddler & Co., of Liverpool, for that purpose. Took J. D. & Co.'s acceptances over to Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks, who smilingly declined to discount them, and morally kicked us into the street. Resolved to give W. C. B. no further business.

TUESDAY.—No letter from Gladstone. We breathe again. Curious correspondence between Earl Russell and Lord George Hamilton, the new Conservative member for Middlesex. Lord Russell, who happens to be Lord Hamilton's uncle, wrote to his "dear George," advising him to withdraw from the contest, as he was too young, and had no chance, whereupon the nephew writes back to his "dear Uncle," telling him that he thought he had a very great chance, and as for his age, he was a year older than his cousin Amberley, when he was sent down to contest Leeds. The nephew certainly put his uncle up his own spout on this occasion. Hope Gladstone will leave the uncle out of the new Cabinet. Cotton market flatter. Begin to think W. C. B. rather a clever fellow. Slashing article in the *Examiner and Times* on the Salford parson's political sermon. Must buy said sermon and try to read it.

WEDNESDAY.—W. C. B. *is* a clever fellow. Cotton market flatter and prices lower. Had a row with Jeremy Diddler & Co., who decline to pay their share of the bill stamps, although by our not buying the cotton we have saved them some five thousand pounds already, for their share in the transaction. Query—can a man or firm who has nothing to lose lose anything. Rumoured that the husband of Viscountess Beaconsfield will resign before parliament meets, and leave Mr. Gladstone the bother of drawing up the Queen's speech. Think it would be a good plan and save a deal of time and trouble. No truth in the report that Mr. J. Snowdon Henry had been selected to move the address.

THURSDAY.—Read the Rev. Boteler Chalmer's sermon, and found it a very puerile affair, something in the style in which we used to write and spout when we were sixteen years of age. Other folks may be different from ourselves, but all the parsons in Christendom, if they preached until Doomsday, could not affect our vote. While the *Examiner* is about it, we wish they would pitch into the three P's who have been giving political exercitations from the pulpit—Priests, Pollock, and Parker. In the interest of peace and quietness we hope to hear no more of this kind of thing, from either one side or the other. We went in the evening to see Toole in *Dearer than Life.* Perhaps we were not in the humour, but we got tired of the play and the constant turning on of the waterworks by the principal actor, and went to have a chat with Mr. James Lee during the third act, returning just in time to see that Mr. Billington had grown a beard and mustaches in our absence, and to witness the drunken old reprobate Uncle Ben lie down with his head in the fire place. Bob Gossitt is a vulgar snob, but he would scarcely smoke a cigar in a drawing room immediately before dinner.

FRIDAY.—Been reading a lot of the letters in the *Guardian* about reuniting the United Liberal party. Much talk and little wool. The question seems really to lie in a nutshell. If the various sections of the party, whose name is Legion, could first agree as to their *principles*, union would follow as a matter of course. But the truth is there are Liberals and Liberals; and Whigs and Radicals, both of whom lay claim to the name, can no more permanently unite than water can mix with oil.

RECKLESS ABUSE OF STIMULANTS.—Teetotal speeches.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

Up to the gap of steel and flame,
An eager phalanx swarms
To write on history's page a name;—
To die—in glory's arms.

In after years its deeds have power
To bate the braggart's boast,—
Bidden, in danger's darkest hour,
To danger's chiefest post.

And in the moment heroes fall,
Death's swiftest terrors fade,
Its keenest pangs fail to appal,—
'Tis Death that is dismayed.

"Forlorn"—as this—another "hope"
Behold, whose lowlier story,
Though doomed with mortal risks to cope,
Contains no line of glory.

Toward Earth's molten, fiery heart,
The miners sap their way;
Within their breasts no thoughts have part
Save only work for pay.

Work for pay, and pay for work,—
Work fit for galley slaves,
Where darkly threatening dangers lurk,
Deep down below men's graves.

Midst buried forests turned to stone,—
Once Nature's primal crown;
And all for daily bread alone,
And nothing for renown.

Nothing for after-death repute,
Although a vapour rife
Is all around, unfelt and mute,
And lusting after life.

A waiting demon, which at last—
No longer to be crost—
Makes in one cursed, instant blast,
A sweeping holocaust,

And up unto the wholesome air
A baneful incense rolls,
Charged with the measureless despair
Of lost, unshriven souls:

For these no cannon's salvo rings,
Nor pæans grandly swell:
A cry of desolation brings
The dirge that fits—too well.

'Tis but the lot of low-born hinds,—
The hazard of their day;
A thing to linger in men's minds,
And fade,—like dreams,—away.

And yet—where Glory hath no share,
Shame takes her baser place:
Apportion, ye who can—or dare,
The measure of disgrace.

MR. DISRAELI'S LAST DISCOVERED VIRTUE.—Resignation under difficulties.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE NEW EXCHANGE.—The room for improvement.

MR. TOOLE.

ALTHOUGH, in the abstract, it is easy enough to make the distinction between talent and genius, it is not so easy to apply our definitions to individual efforts. Talent and genius differ from each other in precisely the same way as planets and fixed stars. Talent shines with reflected light; genius shines with light of its own. But the reflected light at its brightest is so very much like the light which is self-existent, that it is often difficult to say where talent ends, and where genius begins. We think, however, that we may safely affirm that Mr. Toole is a fixed star—the only fixed star on the English stage since the death of Robson. We have planets which, perhaps, as planets, rank higher than Mr. Toole would rank in a scale of fixed stars, but they only hold the mirror up to Art, while Mr. Toole holds the mirror up to Nature. Alfred Wigan, Charles Matthews, and Mr. Sothern are great artists, but they only reflect the light emitted by the dramatic author. If the action languishes, if the dialogue doesn't sparkle, then they necessarily appear dull, too. On the other hand, Mr. Toole is independent of everybody—we mean of every other body. No matter how dull the author, no matter how obscure the character he plays, there is a quiet intensity about him which commands attention by its steadiness by the side of the fitful brilliancy of the other players. When the play-bill says that *Dearer than Life* was written expressly for Mr. Toole, we understand it to mean that Mr. Byron has intentionally produced a drama utterly uninteresting in itself. The fixed star shines brightest in a colourless sky. In *Dearer than Life* you are neither interested in the incident, nor amused by the dialogue. The plot is of that kind which you can not merely foretell, you can positively demonstrate it, like a problem in Euclid. Given an impossibly virtuous girl, a young man who only falls short of being a hero by one act of embezzlement, and another young man who only falls short of being a convict by one summons before a magistrate, and what will be the result. The impossibly virtuous girl will fall in love with the embezzling hero, the unsummonsed convict will fall in love with the impossibly virtuous girl. During two hours and three-quarters the impossibly virtuous girl will be persecuted by the unsummonsed convict, and, not having had any tea lately, she will be nearly driven, by want and misrepresentations, to yield to him, when the stage-manager sends for Mr. Billington, from the Green-room. He has left off embezzling, to become, apparently, an open-air preacher. The wicked man is then made uncomfortable, the virtuous girl gets married, and the audience wakes.

Dearer than Life is dull, but it is dull with an honest dullness which we prefer to the spurious brilliancy of *Blow for Blow*. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Byron as an author of serious dramas, but we now find that that was only half an opinion. Dion Boucicault is accused of writing improbable plots, but then they make you shiver. Sheridan's dialogue is said to be unnatural, but then it is immensely witty. Mr. Byron combines the singular art of inventing plots which are improbable without being sensational, and of writing dialogue which is unnatural without being witty. When we were asked if we were going to see *Dearer than Life*, we replied, "No, we are going to see Mr. Toole." We advise nobody to go to the Prince's Theatre to see *Dearer than Life*, but we advise everybody to go to the Prince's Theatre to see Mr. Toole.

We need not dwell upon Mr. Toole as Michael Garner. Although it is as carefully, as conscientiously acted as any other part we have seen him in, although it is glowing with life, and peculiarly with that sweetness and beautiful elevation of inner life which Mr. Toole knows how to reveal in a single tone of voice, in a little trick of manner,—for some reason which we must attribute to the play itself, he was not so touching as he is

in some parts in which less effort to be touching is perceptible. When we are children, before our minds and feelings have become active with trouble and sin and pleasure, we may be moved to tears by the mere perseverance of pain. If one little girl will only cry long enough, all her playmates will join her in time. But as men and women, to be betrayed into an expression of strong feeling, we must be taken by surprise. When we are most off our guard, when we are actually enjoying a touch of humour, we are most liable to be surprised into a tear. When we saw Mr. Toole in Caleb Plummer, in between that exquisite fun about the toys we have a lively recollection of blowing our critical nose frequently, of seeing a gauze curtain intercept our view of the stage, of wondering if anybody was looking while we made a dash at our eyes, of speculating as to whether it would be safe to sniff. But in Michael Garner, the sadness is not contrasted with tiny bursts of gaiety, like streaks of lightning in a dark room, making it seem all the darker when they are gone.

It is curious to observe that Mr. Toole combines great versatility with an undeniable mannerism. Whether he impersonates a policeman, as in the *Area Belle*, or a thief, as in *Oliver Twist*, or a fussy gentleman, as in *Ici on parle Francais*, or a withered old man, as in *Dot*, he is equally true in his marvellous observation of character. If you only saw him once, you would feel quite sure that you had seen him in his best part. And whatever exception may be taken to his acting, he shows the true creative power of genius in the mere conception of the many characters he plays. It could only be by the rapid method of instinct, and not by the slow imitation of art, that he acts so many different parts, all vibrating with equal life, as if each claimed him to itself. It is a pity that variety of manner does not contribute to the illusion of variety of character, for it must be confessed that you can always recognise Mr. Toole behind the mask. Every now and then he speaks to us in the voice of half-a-dozen other characters, every now and then we laugh at an attitude we have often laughed at before. There seems no reason why this should be so, considering the remarkable gift of mimicry which he displays in *The Weavers*. We can only explain it by supposing that he forgets himself so completely in the character he is assuming, he lives while he is on the stage, like the novelist in his study, so entirely in his imagination, that he forgets even to disguise the quaintnesses natural to him. These quaintnesses are so amusing, so genial, such refined caricatures of the real, so full of fine expression of character, that it is impossible to say that they do not belong to any one part. And yet it is not flattering to an actor to say that we never think of him without remembering the delightfully old-fashioned manner of arguing with his double eye-glasses, the exquisite dubiousness with which he holds his chin, the way in which he jerks his body forward in emphatic accompaniment to his words, the impulsive, generous childishness of his old men, the art with which he can be ironical in such a transparent manner that you feel that he, and only he, thoroughly believes in the power of his irony. Mr. Toole's finest vein lies in the delineation of old men who are grand old heroes in everything but their clothes and their near relations. He can surround a man with an atmosphere of goodness, of self-denial, of affection; he can consciously be unconscious; he can show you a whole life backwards in a few odd habits, in a tone of habitual forgiveness, in a single half-choked sentence. Whatever preparation may be demanded by his impersonations of old or out-of-the-way characters, it cannot be doubted that, in the ordinary Adelphi farce, he requires no other preparation than the rare and unbounded sense of humour which is natural to him. No one can doubt that he was born to make his fellow creatures laugh, no one can doubt that some of the happiest touches are added by him in the heat of the hurdle race of fun, no one can doubt that he is wearing out his life in an almost painful devotion to his art.

MR. HALLE'S CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert consisted of Mr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Mr. Bennett is a true Knight of the Order, but he has not fulfilled the promise of his early days. At that time he was intimately connected with Mendelssohn, and the freshness of his ideas, together with his mastery of instrumentation, favoured the greatest expectations. Becky Sharp said it was very easy to be good on £5,000 a-year, and probably there are musicians who could tell us that it is only possible to be a good composer on an independent competence. We do not wish to intrude upon Mr. Bennett's private life, but we understand that he gives lessons from morning to night, and we express at the same time our admiration and our regret when we say that his great talents have been partially wrecked on the rock of practical life. We detect the influence of these circumstances not so much in the character of his music as in its weakness. Music is a divine art, but a miserable profession. The profits to be derived from mere composition cannot, as a rule, be taken into account. Like the seamstress, the poor musician too has his weary song. It is "teach, teach, teach." Why is it that a man who has the misfortune to be born with a genius for composition, cannot, as in the other arts, earn a livelihood by it? You cannot imagine Sir Edwin Landseer giving drawing lessons, or Carlyle teaching children the alphabet. There is very little to be said about the music of the *Woman of Samaria*. The choruses are the best part of it, for the recitatives are, without exception, dull. We were glad to notice more harmony between the chorus and the orchestra, showing the benefits of a rehearsal which had been derived from the previous oratorio. Madame Sherrington's voice is sweet and lyrical, but it is not heroic. If Mr. Wilbye Cooper would not tune his voice up to such an unnatural pitch, he would at the same time economise his voice and spare us the constant anxiety that it is going to break.

We find great difficulty in expressing the only critical thought which Beethoven's Mass in C suggests. He seems to us to stand in his own light. There is so much that is god-like in him that his devotion is less touching than the devotion of humbler humanity. Like a full-grown man, he has almost forgotten how to kneel. A man's soul does not kneel, it only bows its head.

The fifth concert was a highly interesting one. Rossini's overture to *William Tell* is a veritable musical fountain, dazzling the senses, and, in turns, jetting up all the most striking kinds of beauty in Rossini. Beethoven's concerto in C minor was superbly played by Mr. Hallé; but we did not allow the remembrance of having to say something about it in our next article break in upon that mood of "pure recipiency" which is the only mood for the enjoyment of music. We like to be steeped in the music of Beethoven. We do not exert ourselves to follow the intricate harmonies; we do not even let ourselves think about what the composer meant, fearing to limit the Infinite of feeling. We float upon the surging sea of sound, and let wave after wave break over us. This mood seldom lasts long, and, when it dissolves, the charm of the evening is over. Our eyes wander among the hideous head-dresses and the self-conscious, smirking faces in the reserved seats. Beethoven's music fills you with large enthusiasms, but it is only possible to love humanity with your eyes shut. On that evening we were led to reflect upon the contrast between Rossini and Beethoven. Rossini is a man of the world; he embodies the lyrical, self-expressing tendency of the age; his music carries you away to Italy, with its rich blue sky, and the brilliant world, and the wonders of the flitting stage. Beethoven is the great Poet, the man of many souls and many voices, the expression of a universe, rather than of a single life. Rossini adorns the world, but Beethoven tears off the outward

forms, and reveals the human heart, in all its sweet mystery and all its terrible plainness. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture was rendered somewhat obscurely. We have heard it when the air played by the trombones gave the impression of a grand old feudal ruin, through which the violins, like gusts of wind, rush through and through. In this instance the trombones, by way of change, were not loud enough. In this overture you are conscious of an extravagant use of forces to produce a disproportionate effect. Even in battle you can always win with legions; and so in music, we suppose, a given number of instruments must produce a grand effect, although the generalship may not be the most skilful. Any of Mozart's overtures may be conveyed on a piano; but all the resources of a large orchestra are necessary to convey any idea of Wagner. We are afraid that this difference is not in Wagner's favour.

The vocalist at this concert was Miss Edith Wynne. She has a sweet, clear, maidenly voice, which she utterly spoils with all the silliest affectations and all the commonest tricks of her profession. She sang as if she lived on pastry—she flavoured everything so strongly until nothing but flavour was left. In Mozart's air it was not natural sentiment, but unhealthy passion that sought expression. We fancy that young artists are often tempted to give a new rendering of songs that have been sung a thousand times before. Let them remember that true works of art have only one truth in them, and do not admit of strikingly different readings.

The concert of last Thursday was the best arranged, the best performed, and the best appreciated of the season, up to this point. Weber's romantic overture to the *Freyschütz* was the spiritual *petit verre d'absinthe* which imparted a keen but fastidious appetite for the feast to follow. Every new appearance in the aristocratic circle of great men excites the critical spirit of the age, and more particularly when the candidate is so original, so eccentric as Robert Schumann. A great deal has been written about him, both in England and on the Continent. It is the tittle-tattle, the putting of heads together, the arched eyebrows, the shrugging of shoulders, the exchange of glances behind his back, which takes place in the côterie when the unconventional-looking stranger enters the room. We remember that the *Athenæum*, with its cautious conservatism, wrote about him with such a very pointed pen that you might have expected to see him scratched. But he has not only gallantly outrun the critics, he has even won one of the tiny bits of blue ribbon. Of course it would be absurd to point the finger at all the people who do not recognise true genius at first sight. It is just as well to prevent mistakes. It is such a bother to have to despise a man who has stepped into one of the world's niches without the statuesque qualifications. And it is just as well that the valiant young knights should have to scale this wall of scepticism before they are comfortably enthroned in the affections of the world. There is, perhaps, no feeling more natural to the human breast than that feeling of utter contempt for a man you have never heard of. When Smith tells you that a friend of his, named Jones, has written a Tragedy which will mark a new era in the history of the human mind, you feel a magnificent contempt for Jones which is out of all proportion to any further misbehaviour that you *know* of him. Mr. Hallé unfolded Schumann's Concerto in A minor most gracefully, and, although it is not quite lucid at the first hearing, it strikes you like a pretty woman's face which flashes by you in a brougham—you feel quite sure that if you knew her, she could minister to a mind diseased.

Haydn's Symphony in G is bright and merry, and even gay, and yet more than any of these, it is calm. The youth in it is the tempered youth of enthusiasm in an old man, who is good as well as old. Just as Cinderella and Jack the Giant-Killer, and the rest of the fairy tale heroes are as fresh for one generation as for another, so Haydn's music is full of eternal youth. He is the only man who ever discovered the Elixir of Life, and he put it all into his music.

We have only space enough to say of the overture of Schubert and the Larghetto of Spohr, that we have not space enough to enlarge upon them.

Of the singing of Mdlle. Tietjens, we need only say that she sang. Only in the case of her not singing, shall we ever have to make a complaint about her. All we have ever written about singers seems confirmed when we listen to her majestic voice, for our eulogy and our censure has been measured according to the distance of other singers from the standard of Mdlle. Tietjens. Her style is pure, healthy, straightforward; there is no sickly vibration, no grisette sentimentality, no sweet confectionary in her. Her merits predominate so largely over her few and unimportant demerits, that we should feel that we were importing the Minority Clause into music to speak of them. Even at this moment, writing after the concert, with a wet towel round our head, a frail tumbler at our elbow, and a cynical cigar in our mouth, we could lay our pen aside, and clap our hands in remembrance of those—well of those confoundedly jolly little songs of Schumann.

Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann form a glorious tripod upon which burns all the passion of German song and all the flower of German poetry. Schubert's charm lies in a vivacity of ideas, Mendelssohn's charm lies in grace of expression, but Schumann unites these gifts and, allowing himself to be inspired by the Poet until he has joined him in hts elevation, he lifts the Poet with him into the higher sphere of Music.

ST. ANDREW'S FREE KIRK.

[REV. J. C. PATERSON'S.]

SHOULD any of our readers feel disposed some Sunday morning to wander from the vigilance of his own pastor and take his seat, ten minutes before the commencement of service, in one of the pews of St. Andrew's Free Kirk, situate at the corner of Stretford Road and Oxford Road, he will meet with abundant specimens of Scotchmen as they appear in Manchester, and will have the pleasure of listening to a Scotch sermon as delivered to a Scotch audience. He will be interested, if he be a student of men and manners, by the appearance and deportment of a certain very numerous class in the congregation, popularly, though erroneously included under the general name of "Scotch packmen." He will have no difficulty in distinguishing the species if he will bear in mind one infallible rule. Let him remember then that one of the institutions on which Scotia prides herself is the Sunday suit—always of glossy black cloth. Should he still have any misgivings as to the classification of the wearer of such apparel, let him note the fit of the garments. If the coat adapt itself in any degree to the shape, if the sleeves approximate within three inches to the proper length, and the collar be not considerably too high, if the back be unpuckered and free from "bagginess," the observer may safely conclude that the wearer is *not* a son of Caledonia. The "real article" lounges down the aisle with swinging strides, slowly taking off his hat meanwhile, throws himself into his seat, and straightens his back with a business-like determination to get through the service with as little discomfort to himself as the circumstances and the angular formation of the pews will allow. Psalms, reading, and prayers commence the service, and after attempting both tenor and bass of the various tunes with varying success, this public spirited individual, after making obstreperous preparations for his physical comfort—such as loudly coughing, and sounding of the nasal trumpet—joined in by the rest of the congregation, settles down to the chief business of the morning—the sermon. On the style of this we

shall comment later on, contenting ourselves for the present with remarking, that Scotch sermons are well-known soporifics, but, acting upon a Scotch audience, the effect is irresistibly suggestive of the words of the old glee—"We're a' noddin', nid-nid-noddin'."

Hitherto we might have been suspected of writing in a slightly exaggerated strain; but the conduct of this congregation at the close of the service really calls for just reprobation. Long ere the benediction is ended, most of the congregation are stirring; seizing hats and umbrellas, they rush into the aisle, and force their way out in a crowd in the most unseemly manner, as if leaving some place of public amusement. How unlike the hushed, respectful stillness, which in most English churches succeeds the last words of the benediction, as if to allow their influence to float over the bowed heads of the worshippers, forming a most impressive conclusion of the service.

The present congregation of St. Andrew's Free Church is an offshoot from the Rev. Dr. Munro's. The separation took place when that rev. gentleman's delay in declaring the side he intended taking in the well-known disruption caused great displeasure to many of his own people, who had already determined to rank themselves openly under the banner of the Free Church, and who fixed upon the present site of St. Andrew's for their future place of worship. Their first pastor was the Rev. Mr. Traill, who, after three years, left them, for a wider and probably more congenial sphere in the north. He was followed by the Rev. J. C. Paterson, who has now had the charge for upwards of ten years. The building is, to say the least of it, both externally and internally plain; in one feature, the pulpit, decidedly hideous, and in another—the pews, far from being made with an eye to comfort; in the latter respect, unfortunately, being neither better nor worse than most churches. The cramped position these pews inflict upon the occupants might originally, perhaps, have been intended to torture them into attention; but the actual result is the very reverse; one makes a desperate attempt to lose sensation and drown physical suffering in slumber. Were they replaced by seats not specially adapted for the infliction of penance, we believe it would be productive of much corporal comfort and spiritual good. We sometimes think this enforced somnolency may be one of those "sins which have mingled with our service," to which Mr. Paterson always refers in his closing prayer.

It is somewhat difficult to characterise the style in which the rev. gentleman conducts the service. His reading, though not perfectly clear—and we sometimes detect him misplacing an emphasis, while his voice has not lost its Scotch uncouthness,—is impressive. But it is in his sermons that the difficulty of criticism lies. For the first five minutes he is a fluent and careful speaker, evidently of considerable skill and experience in oratory, and at the end of this period he has just reached that warmth of delivery calculated to carry his audience along with him. But after this he *boils*. He loses all command of motion and voice; his arms are used in violent gesticulation, far beyond the necessities of the case; his voice becomes hoarse; and the heat of his enthusiasm becomes disagreeably evident on his face. The impressiveness is completely gone, and is succeeded by a feeling of regret that such mental powers should be hidden by a style of delivery befitting Tennyson's "heated pulpiteer." For the subject matter of his sermons is far from inferior. Occasionally (and these occasions have been more frequent of late), he preaches a sermon calmly throughout; and then one has time to notice his powerful flow of expressive language and imagery, his figures and metaphors being often strikingly happy. As we have remarked in a previous sketch of his neighbour, Dr. Munro, he delights in doctrinal sermons—in those theological games of ninepins in which he completely overthrows all his imaginary foes, no doubt perfectly to his own satisfaction. Another of his favourite topics is speculations as to the future state, on which he holds some very definite opinions. Mr. Paterson is one of those men (their number is unfortunately not legion) who does with his whole heart and with enthusiasm whatever his hand finds to do. His fitness for his office is shown by the zeal with which he joins in the promotion of every worthy object connected with his own church, such as night schools, Sunday schools, bible classes, and the like; and whilst he takes the closest interest in each member of his congregation, and in the welfare of his own church, he yet finds time to take part a in the general affairs of the body to which he belongs.

As regards the music (or what passes for music), the less said the better. At the commencement of a tune or chant there sometimes appears to be a misunderstanding on the part of a section of the choir as to the tune they are going to sing—a mistake not generally rectified until a few bars have been performed. The effect may be imagined. Our advice is—to the congregation, to provide a deafening supply of instrumental music, and to the choir, never to sing on any occasion out of their own church, except when time, tune, and harmony are objects secondary in importance to mere noise.

ELECTION ODDITIES.

AT Darlington they have minded their "Pease" and cues given to them by the Liberal party. Another member of the same family (as we presume) has been returned for South Durham. We understand that, politically, they are "as like as two Peas(e)." Evesham sends Colonel Bourne to Parliament. Evesham evidently is a bourne for which political travellers are returned. Mr. Clay has been returned for Hull. We may presume that Mr. Clay, having undergone the fiery ordeal of a contested election, is now a Parliamentary "brick." Oddly enough, the names of Baring and Rothschild occur together in the list of electoral returns. They represent respectively Hythe and the borough of Huntingdon. The names of these gentlemen have been intimately associated before. It was Byron who wrote of

Jew Rothschild and his brother Chistian Baring.

They have "Lush" for Salisbury, in spite of the legal prohibition of bribery and treating. Let the Alliance look to it. "Tipping" at Stockport also deserves the notice of law-abiding politicians. The sweet voices of the electors of Stoke have been appropriately bestowed on a "Melly-fluous candidate. Is it the *great* "Vance" who goes for Antrim county? If so, has he been returned through the interest of the Heir Apparent. Clonmel and Dublin like rich candidates, we must infer, from their choice of Mr. Bagwell and Sir A. Guinness. Judging by what we have found in the electoral list, we ought to have an exceedingly proper sort of Parliament, for the electors have clearly been guided in their selection by the fitness of things. To the question "What's in a name?" we answer, everything.

THE DEAD LEVEL PARLIAMENT.

THE *Times* rather laments the loss of the Parliamentary eccentric and the Parliamentary illustrious. "Where," exclaims Jupiter, "is Mill to philosophise, Osborne to jest, Roebuck to pursue a mid-strain, Sir George Bowyer to answer for the Pope? The frequent name of Darby Griffith will no longer adorn our columns. The chief utterance of the Nonconformists and the two voices of English Catholicism are lost together in the storm." And in this strain the great journal continues to mourn, or to remark upon, the absence in the new House of "Ferrand with his fiery declamation," of Bradlaugh, of Beales, of the invaluable treasures of Chadwick's peculiar experience, of Antony Trollope, of Brighton Coningham, of "Young England," of Horsman and Milner Gibson, of Ernest Jones and Fowell Buxton. The *Times* winds up with the remark that "our new governors, as the reformed constituency must be called, are really over wise or over good. They are giving us too much bread, and too little sack." The *Times* is evidently in error. In the opinion of the eminent politicians who have been left out in the cold by the compound householders, the "sack" is very much in excess.

AUDUBON IN MANCHESTER.

AUDUBON, the naturalist, visited England in 1826. He landed at Liverpool in July of that year; was introduced to Lord Stanley (father of the present Earl of Derby), Mr. Roscoe, the historian, and other Liverpool notabilities. He exhibited his large collection of ornithological drawings at the Royal Institution, Liverpool; realised £100; and then removed to Manchester. Of his visit to Manchester, where he stayed about a month, he wrote a few brief notes in his diary, and these we quote from the *Life of Audubon*, which has just appeared under the editorship of Mr. Robert Buchanan :—

September 10, 1826.—I left Liverpool, and the many kind friends I had made in it. In five and a half hours the coach arrived at Manchester. I took lodgings at the King's Arms. I strolled about the city, and it seemed to me to be most miserably laid out. I was struck by the sallow looks, sad faces, ragged garments, and poverty of a large portion of the population, which seemed worse off than the negroes of Louisiana. I exhibited my pictures in a gallery at Manchester, at one shilling for entrance, but the result was not satisfactory.

At Manchester, says his biographer, Audubon made the acquaintance of two very valuable friends—Mr. Gregg and Mr. McMurray. He visited many families, and was struck with the patriarchal manner of an Englishman who called his son "my love." He enjoyed for the first time a day's shooting, after the English fashion, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, but does not appear to have been charmed with the sport. It was soon discovered that the exhibition of his drawings at Manchester was not going to pay; but he opened a subscription book for the publication of his work on the Birds of America.

September 28.—Revisited Liverpool to consult about a prospectus for my book.

October 6.—I returned to Manchester, driven in the carriage of a friend, and arrived at the hall in which my pictures were exhibited, to find that the hall-keeper had been drunk and had no returns to make. I stayed about six weeks at Manchester, but the exhibition of my pictures did not prosper. I visited Matlock, and paid £5 for spars to take home to my wife. I pulled some flowers from the hills she had played over when a child, and passed through the village of Bakewell, called after some one of her family. I determined to start for Edinburgh, and, paying three pounds fifteen shillings for coach hire, started for that city.

October 25.—Left Manchester for Edinburgh yesterday, following the road by Carlisle into Scotland.

Audubon stayed in Edinburgh until the March of 1827, and then visited in succession Newcastle, Leeds, York, Shrewsbury, and Manchester, securing a few subscribers at two hundred pounds a head at each place. But of this second stay in Manchester no further particulars are recorded. He was in Manchester, again, with his wife, in 1830, having in the meantime visited his home in the United States. Under the date April 15, 1831, there is the following entry :—

We left Edinburgh this day, and proceeded towards London by way of Newcastle, York, Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool. At the latter place we spent a few days, and travelled on that extraordinary road called the railway, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.

[FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.]

IT is an old philosopher,
He stoppeth one of three :—
"By thy gleaming face and snowy hair,
Now, wherefore stop'st thou me !"
He held aloft a mystic scroll
With the letters "S. T. C."

"Subjectively, the Logos," said
The aged man, says he,
"Explains the supra-sensual base
Of old philosophee !"
"No doubt you're right," his friend replied,
"But what is that to me?"

"I shot the albatross !" pursued
The chatty veteran.
"The deuce you did !" exclaimed his friend;
"It was a daring plan !
Who *was* this Albert Ross? and who
Are you, you rum old man?"

"Your curiosity, young friend,
It would be harsh to balk,
So you had better sit you down,
Unless you'd rather walk,
And I will read you passages
From my own Table Talk !"

He read to him for several hours,
Concerning Church and Schism;
Explained the spiritual sense
Of the Shorter Catechism;
Revealed the esoteric truths
Of Neo-Platonism;

Of Jacob Böhme largely spoke,
And German Mysticism,
With hints on Madame Guyon's life,
And Gallic Quietism;
And notions about Swedenborg,
And Swedenborgianism;
He showed that Truth, the Light, must pass
Through Error as its prism.

"Old man you must be dry," exclaimed
The adolescent here;
"And there's a look about your eyes
That makes me think your're queer;
Suppose we send a little boy
To fetch a pint of beer?"

"I drink not beer," the sage replied,
"Gin, brandy, wine, nor rum:
The only liquor that I touch,
It is the laudanum;
So send the little boy unto
The chemist's shop for some!"

He drew a phial from his pouch,
And drained it at a draught.
"Hold, madman, hold !" theyouth exclaimed,
"I thought you only chaffed !"
The aged man, regarding him,
Satirically laughed.

Big drops of perspiration gleamed
About his fine old nose;
"The laudanum stirs my brain," he said,
"My conversation flows;
I drink an awful quantity,
As Mr. Gilman knows !"

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights"—
To wander he began;
He talked of Abyssinian maids,
And then of Kubla Khan;
The youth observed, "He is a most
Remarkable old man !"

"I only wish that he would talk
To some one else," said he;
"I cannot stand him any more,
I will arise and flee !"
He was the first that ever burst
From the never-silent C.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

THE *Sphinx* cordially endorses the subjoined protest, made by the *Daily News*, on behalf of the best of playgoers, the frequenters of the pit :—

Those who can afford to pay for pit-stalls may doubtless enjoy something like comfort, and the private boxes, though sometimes mouldy and stuffy to an amazing degree, occasionally pervaded by an odour suggestive of mice, and in some cases not unacquainted with predatory tribes of fleas, have the recommendation of furnishing parties of relations or friends with small chambers to themselves—always a pleasing circumstance to the domestic and somewhat reserved Englishman and Englishwoman. But in all other parts of the house discomfort reigns supreme. In the pit you have to sit on a bench without arms, and sometimes without a back, after having fought for a place in the general *mêlée* or scramble; in the boxes you are liable to perpetual disturbance, to allow of the passage to and fro of people coming in and going out, whose movements render it necessary that you should turn back sections of benches on their hinges, invert chairs, and stand in inconceivable attitudes of compression while a lady sweeps by with her interminable train; and in the gallery you may think yourself lucky if you see half the action, and hear an equal proportion of the speeches. The frequenters of the pit, moreover, have of late years seen a great encroachment on their old domain. The pit-stalls in many houses drive the regular pit-goers to the back parts of the area—in some places leaving them not much more than that obscure and desolate region, roofed with gloom, and vexed with draughts of incomprehensible variety and venom, which lies beneath the dress circle. Of old, the pit was the undisputed realm of the critics and the middle-class public. It was there that Charles Lamb used to enjoy the humours of Munden and the tragic dignity of Siddons, it was there even that he went to see the production of his own farce of *Mr. H*——, and to join in the general hisses when it became evident that the fates had declared against that luckless venture. What Elia would have said to half the sacred enclosure being appropriated by "the quality?" Managers, however, have taken it into their heads that their best patrons are the select few. It is for their sake that they have fenced in the most eligible part of the pit.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

MR. MOXON—most exclusive and Conservative of publishers—has just issued a very acceptable edition of the correspondence of Charles Lamb. The letters, it is almost needless to say, are well worth reading. They were addressed to Coleridge, Manning, Southey, Wordsworth, the Hazlitts, and others, and here and there may be found fine specimens of Lamb's discrimination on literary or theological questions, and of his quaint and genial humour. In some of his letters to Coleridge there is a beautiful vein of self-revelation, and a tender craving for sympathy and love, very touching to read. In one of his letters, referring to his solitary life and habits, Lamb says :—

Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly, what am I to do? Wesley (have you read his life?) was *he* not an elevated character? And Wesley has said "Religion is not a solitary thing." Alas! it necessarily

is so with me, or next to solitary! 'Tis true you write to me; but correspondence by letter and personal intimacy are widely different. Do, do write to me, and do some good to my mind, already how much "warped and relaxed" by the world! 'Tis the conclusion of another evening. Good night. God have us all in His keeping!

In one of his letters to the Wordsworths he tells them that his sister Mary, who had just recovered from a severe attack of insanity, had stuck fast in *All's Well that ends Well*—the tales from Shakespeare—and that in order to help her he would have to "leave off tobacco." He then runs on—

William Hazlitt is in town. I took him to see a very pretty girl, professedly, where there were *two* young girls (the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls); they neither laughed nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered—but they were young girls—and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper, in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls—they drove him mad. So I took him home to my old Nurse, where he recovered perfect tranquillity. Independent of this, and as I am not a young girl myself, he is a great acquisition to us.

Here is a funny letter to Manning:—

July 27, 1805.

Dear Archimedes,—Things have gone on badly with thy ungeometrical friend, but they are on the turn. My old housekeeper has shown signs of convalescence, and will shortly resume the power of the keys, so I shan't be cheated of my tea and liquors. Wind in the West, which promotes tranquillity. Have leisure now to anticipate seeing thee again. Have been taking leave of tobacco in a rhyming address. Had thought *that vein* had long since closed up. Find I can rhyme and reason too. Think of studying mathematics, to restrain the fire of my genius, which G. D. recommends. Have frequent bleedings at the nose, which shows plethoric. Maybe shall try the sea myself, that great scene of wonders. Got incredibly sober and regular; shave oftener, and hum a tune, to signify cheerfulness and gallantry. Suddenly disposed to sleep, having taken a quart of peas, with bacon and stout. Will not refuse Nature, who has done such things for me! Nurse! Don't call me unless Mr. Manning comes. What!—the gentleman in spectacles?—Yes. *Dormit*

Saturday, Hot Noon. C. L.

MR. TENNYSON'S VOTE.—At the Isle of Wight election, the Poet Laureate gave his vote for Sir John Simeon as "a Liberal Catholic Christian," opposed alike to "the bigotries both of Roman and Protestant. Sir John Simeon was returned, and is the only Roman Catholic member elected for an English constuency.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place, Manchester.

SALES BY AUCTION.

ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Sale of a Collection of Oil Paintings; including a Coast Scene, by G. Morland, a genuine example; Several Works, by Charles Towne; a Battle, by Cuyp; Two Figure Subjects, by Jules Defour; a Battle Piece and others, by Paul Wilkinson; Landscapes, by Ibbetson, Dawson, Williamson, R. Wilson, and Smith, of Chichester; Works by D. Teniers, Rottenhamer, B'yhoof, and numerous others, principally by the old masters; a Few Water-Colour Drawings, and some old Line Engravings.

CAPES & DUNN are instructed to SELL BY AUCTION, on Tuesday next, December 8th, at eleven o'clock prompt, at their Gallery, Clarence-street, Manchester, a Large Collection of OIL PAINTINGS, the property of Mr. Beardsley. May be viewed the day prior to the sale, when Catalogues may be had at the Gallery, or this day, on application at No. 8, Clarence-street.

On Monday next, December 7th, 1868.—To Cotton Manufacturers and others.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday the 7th day of December, 1868, commencing at eleven o'clock, at the Manor Mill, Dukinfield, Cheshire, the following valuable COTTON WEAVING MACHINERY and PREPARATIONS, viz.: 144 power looms 44in. in reed space, with positive taking-up motions, weft-stopping motions, and patent temples, by Williamson and Roberts; one 52in. beaming frame; one 50in ditto, with two cones, nearly new; one new cop winding frame, 200 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Atherton; one slasher sizing machine, main cylinder 60in. diameter, 59in. on the face; second ditto, 39in. diameter, 59in. on the face, with cast-iron feed trough, copper and brass-cased rollers, steam chest, indicator, piping, and diminishing valve, by Willian and Mills, of Blackburn; size-boiling cistern, with agitator, driving-shaft, four brass taps, and wrought iron feed valve; wooden mixing trough, 8ft. long by 3ft. 3in. wide, 3ft. deep, in two compartments; 27 spare beams for slasher, large quantity of loom beams, one plaiting machine, 48in wide, by Hacking and Co., nearly new; one cloth bundling press, for hand or power, by Jones; one new wrap reel, on mahogany stand, with scales and weights, by Walker; two new platform weighing machines, by Avery; one new grindstone, in iron trough, large quantity of usable shuttles picking sticks, loom tins, oil cans, strapping, loom chains and weights, one large oil cistern, with brass tap; large steeping cistern for pickers, 81 sets of healds and reeds 126 reeds, various counts and many of them quite new; quantity of cotton healds, one 4½in. vice, with new bench; one 5in ditto; large quantity of loom castings and fittings, three new making-up tables, one large making-up counter, with store bins and shelves; joiner's bench, grindstone, in wood frame; 20 large packing skips, with covers; 140 cop skips, two large oil cans and drippers, two large wheel guards, one 18-stave ladder one stop ladder, one dry gas meter, by Defries, with piping, taps, and fittings for 150 burners.—For further particulars apply at the Auctioneer's offices, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

DEFAULTER'S LOTS.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS will SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1868, at the Lodge Mills, Middleton, near Manchester, commencing at Eleven o'clock, a.m., prompt, Fourteen 40 Trunk Cop Reels in iron frames, with crossing motions attached, by Berry of Rochdale. These Reels were put in four months since, and are in splendid condition.—Auctioneer's Offices, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

To Cotton Spinners.—Preliminary Notice.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS will OFFER for SALE by AUCTION, on Tuesday the 15th December, 1868, the Valuable PROPERTY, known as the Lodge Mill, Middleton.—Further particulars will be given in future advertisements, and in the meantime may be obtained on application to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street: or Messrs COOPER & SONS, solicitors, 94a, King-street, Manchester.

PRIVATE CONTRACT.

ON SALE, One Single-beater COTTON OPENER, with dust fan and piping, by Crighton and Co.; one Drawing Frame of three heads, with three deliveries to each head, four rows of rollers, calender drawing, patent stop motion, coilers and revolving can motion, by Elce and Co.—Apply to D. ALONZO MORRIS and BROWN, Auctioneers, 13, South King-st., Manchester.

MACHINERY.—Six Breaker Carding Engines, 40in. by 40in., 20in. doffers, with four rollers and four clearers, by Threlfall; ten ditto ditto, with five rollers and five clearers, by Seville and Wolstenholme; one set of drawing frames, three heads of four deliveries, with coiler, can and stop motions, by Hibbert, Platt, and Sons; one slubber, 60 spindles, 10in. lift, by Elce and Sons; one ditto, 94 spindles, 8in. lift, by Hibbert and Platt; two intermediates, each 140 spindles, 7in. lift, by ditto; two pairs self-actor mules, 534 and 450 spindles, 15in. long, 1 5-16 gauge.—For further particulars apply to Messrs. D ALONZO MORRIS & BROWN, Auctioneers and Valuers, 13, South King-st., Manchester.

ONE WARP-SCOURING, WASHING, AND SIZING MACHINE, by Sykes of Rochdale, nearly new; One Willow, 40in. wide, with fan 12in. diameter, by Hall of Saddleworth; Counter Shaft for driving willow, 4ft. 4in. long, by 2¾in. diameter, with two pulleys, 15in. diameter, 5in. face; Two Cast-iron Beams, each 8ft. 2in. long by 7in.; Two Hangers, brass steps, and rack strap guide; Two 40in. Piecing Machines, with Leech's fly attached, 40 buckets, 11 straighteners and rubbers, by Preston and Dania; One Grinding Machine, for rollers and clearers, with regulating screw, by F. Holt of Rochdale; Two Billies, each with 120 spindles, 17in. long, 3½in. gauge, fitted up for piecing machine, by Preston and Dania; 48 Billy Bobbins, 32in. by 4in.; One Twining Mill, 100 spindles, 40 drawers, 5½in. face, by Preston and Dania.—Apply to Mr. David Morris, mill valuer, &c., Royal Exchange, Manchester; or to Messrs. D. ALONZO MORRIS and BROWN, Auctioneers and Valuers, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

CARLOWITZ,

22s. PER DOZEN.

This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

VERMOUTH.—Finest Italian.

When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION of PRICE.

We would respectfully solicit the attention of MEDICAL MEN to this article, and shall be glad to show them samples.

32s. PER DOZEN.

2s. 10d. PER BOTTLE.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS.

MANCHESTER: 26, MARKET-STREET.

LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD-STREET.

BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH-STREET.

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(Under the New Stock Exchange,)

NEWMARKET STREET, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES

of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tasted from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS, PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS, AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE, CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER DOZEN.

JOHN DEAN,
Manager.

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First-class Service and the most moderate charges.

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ENTRANCE FROM
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THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

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No. 5, ST. MARY'S-GATE.
The Best and Cheapest RESTAURANT in Town.
Joint ..... 1s. 6d.
Soup or Fish and Joint ..... 1s. 9d.
TEA, COFFEE, STEAKS, & CHOPS on the shortest notice.
WINES, and SPIRITS, &c.

WEAVER'S Irish Whisky, 7 years' old Sample bottles at wholesale prices.—73, Brook-street, Grosvenor-street.

THE TURKISH BATH, Broughton-lane, has been completely renovated. Is now RE-OPENED under the personal superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Potter.

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Complete, Lock Stitch, from 6½ Guineas.
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TEA AND COFFEE
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STRONG USEFUL TEA, 2/2 per lb.
SPLENDID BREAKFAST CONGOU, 2/6 per lb.,
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CHOICE MIXTURES OF TEAS, 2/8 per lb. 3/- per lb. 3/4 per lb.
ALL NEW SEASON'S.

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USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.

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RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
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LANCASHIRE WITCHES' BOUQUET,
A most delicious and permanent perfume for the handkerchief and toilet.

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A large Collection of Shaksperian Illustrations, &c., &c., on Sale.
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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

THE ENGLISH & FOREIGN LIBRARY has Removed from 25, Corporation-street, to 3, St. Mary's-gate.—Single Subscription, £1 1s. for newest works, second class 10s. 6d., for two vols., recent works changed at pleasure. Surplus Books for sale at reduced prices.

Lists, &c., post free.
H. WOOD, Sole Agent.

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CURE YOURSELF BY THE PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CURATIVE AND ELECTRIC BELT.

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PARAFFIN LAMPS WITHOUT CHIMNEYS. The PATENT ANUCUPNIC LAMP gives the whitest flame and most brilliant light of any lamp known. No chimney, smoke, or smell. The No 9 burner gives the light of eight sperm candles, at a cost of one penny for five hours. The Patent Safety Stable Lamp is the best lantern in use. No farmer should allow any other light to be used about his steading. No straw or any combustible matter can reach the flame.—Manufactured by T. ROWATT & SONS, Edinburgh and London.
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JORDAIN'S Patent Self-Adhesive ARTIFICIAL TEETH, without Springs, Wires, or unsightly Fastenings of any kind. Fixed in a few hours, without pain or removal of stumps. They fully restore the power of mastication and articulation. Decayed Teeth Painlessly Filled with Pearl-white Enamel 2s.
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Consultations free, from 10 till 3.

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ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,

Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

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CLAYTON'S CREAMADORO is the only reliable preparation for restoring grey hair to its original colour and effectually curing baldness. In addition to numerous testimonials from medical men in all parts of the kingdom, Dr. Muspratt, of the College of Chemistry, has kindly forwarded the following:—"I have carefully analised Clayton's Creamadoro for restoring the human hair. Its stimulating and cleansing properties are excellent.

SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., F.R.S., &c.'

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Large Door Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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THE EXHIBITION of FINE ARTS and INDUSTRY to Inaugurate the OPENING of the above building, and in aid of the funds for its erection,

WILL BE OPENED

ON MONDAY NEXT, December 7th, 1868,

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Esq.,

Editor of St. Paul's Magazine, and author of several popular works of fiction.

The CEREMONY will take place at 12 o'clock at noon, at the NEW INSTITUTION, in Mawdsley-street, after which there will be a

LUNCHEON

At the CO-OPERATIVE HALL, BRIDGE-STREET, At Three o'clock.

Holders of Season Tickets will be admitted to the Inaugural Ceremony, free; and the doors will be open for their admission at 11 a.m. prompt. At 11-30 the general public will be admitted, at a charge of 2s. 6d each.

Tickets to the Luncheon—Gentlemen, 3s. 6d.; Ladies. 2s 6d each.

The Season Tickets will entitle the holders on all occasions to admission into the Exhibition.

Each Season Ticket must bear the signature of the holder, and is not transferable.

PRICES:

Gentlemen's Tickets	10s. 6d.
Lady's single do.	7s. 0d.
Double Ticket for Lady and Gentleman	15s. 0d.
Young Persons under 21	5s. 0d.

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On the OPENING DAY, after SIX o'clock	1s
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CAUTION.

ADULTERATED TOBACCO.—In consequence of the recent seizures of Adulterated Tobacco, and the conviction of wholesale dealers and retailers in Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, in the mitigated penalty of £50 in each case, the Executors of WILLIAM HARGRAVES feel it their duty to inform their numerous customers that all Tobacco sold by them (including Irish Roll), is Guaranteed Perfectly Genuine, and Free from Adulteration of any kind.
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stablished 1833.

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SOUPS from 9 a.m., 4d.
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Cup of TEA or COFFEE, with Bread and Butter, 5d.
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ALL THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY.
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T. KINGSFORD AND SON,
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FOR
PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS
BLANC MANGE,
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AND FOR
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It is invaluable (prepared the same as arrowroot), the Oswego Corn being an excellent substitute.

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Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
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BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 5 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 3 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
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MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Derbyshire Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, Dec. 5, 1868

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